



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

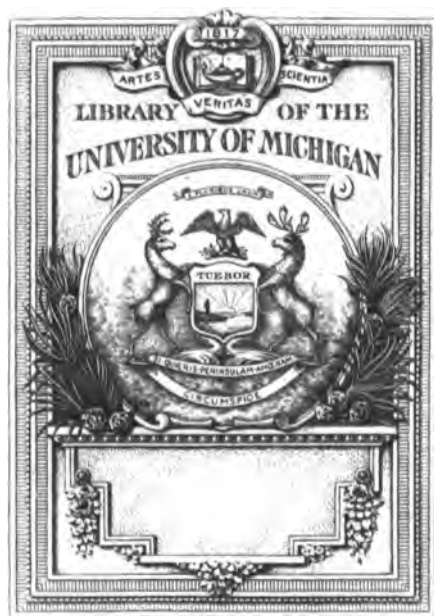
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A Talk about Whittier



828  
W626  
T65

To my dear aunt,  
with kindest  
love of  
C. B. Robertson



A

# TALK ABOUT WHITTIER

Read before the Unitarian Woman's Alliance

November 14, 1892

BY

C. B. ROBERTSON

CINCINNATI

ROBERT CLARKE & CO

1892



9-11  
8-9-33

## A TALK ABOUT WHITTIER.

---

READ BEFORE THE UNITARIAN WOMAN'S  
ALLIANCE, NOVEMBER 14, 1892.

---

Some of the ladies present may remember that in December, 1887—nearly five years since—an unprecedented event occurred in the gentlemen's "Literary Club" of this city, viz., an invitation to the ladies to meet at their club-rooms, and with the members to welcome the poet, John James Piatt, consul at Cork, "Laureate of Prairie and Homestead Life," as Stedman calls him, who was to give his charming lecture on Whittier, who had just passed his eightieth birthday.

It was an evening never to be forgotten. Poets and eminent men were there with personal recollections of the national bard; all lips seemed "touched with fire as from off the



<sup>a</sup>alter;" it was a real Pentecostal feast, a *descent* of the spirit of the muses upon the apostles of song and story.

The president of the club, Hon. Job Stevenson, whose lips the muses surely must have kissed into eloquence, said that, "the club had resolved itself into a little 'poet's corner' for the evening, to commemorate the birthday of him whom all hearts loved; and if we here to-night, are true to him and his character, some of us may slip through the golden gates with the beams of his glory."

Mr. Piatt said he "would not voice any critical review of the life-work of Whittier, but speak of his loyalty to principle, his love of freedom, his patriotism, his steadfastness, his genial, affectionate nature, and that gracious tenderness and trust," that so sweetened all his life. His beautiful folk-lore verse, his ballads and exquisite lyrics, were recited by the gifted Ohio poet, with that touch of the minstrel's power known only to the gifted in the divine art of poetry.

Love, gratitude, and admiration was the keynote of every tribute — the universal attitude toward Whittier, living or dead, or there or here, as the past few months abundantly demonstrate; the hearts of the people enfold him, and no carping criticism leaves its trail on the pure white life-work of him whom the "Shadowed Passage" has so lately hid from our view. In the same spirit we meet this afternoon for "A talk about Whittier," our loved poet, who has *passed on*, where there is no dread impending age, only "Heaven's Immortal Youth."

A man of clear judgment, strong and intense intellectuality, lofty soul, unbounded sympathies, rare poetic insight, placed in the fomenting times that characterized Whittier's early manhood, could not have been a mere *looker on* in the great struggle that helped to form our nation—for those were times that "tried men's souls"—and women's too; but amid the thickest of the fight, his clarion note sounded afar with no uncertain import. He was a *power* in every great reform of his century, taking up his work

with the "enthusiasm and chivalry of a knight of the Crusades," responsive to every thought or sentiment allied to human needs or loftiest ideals, while his words were the best exponents of the highest spiritual thought and deepest human yearning.

The words of Wendell Phillips, over the remains of Garrison, can well be applied to Whittier: "Never was there a stain on the thought, word, or deed of this lover of the race, whose signet has been set so deep, planted so forever on the thoughts of his epoch."

Dr. Holmes' poem in memory of Whittier, voices the same sentiments:

"Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,  
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.  
A life-long record closed without a stain.  
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song."

The religious sense so thoroughly aglow throughout Whittier's entire nature, his great chastity of spirit and body, his yearning after God and his ways, gave him that genial fellowship for all that was good and true and helpful

in every creed, that so marked his life ; *man, ever better than his creed—God, better than our fears or hopes*—these were the distinctive lines on which he worked for humanity.

Like Emerson, he felt that “the sin of dogmatism of creed and catechism was that it destroyed mental character” as well as spiritual growth.

In his “Vision of Echard” this attitude is emphatically marked.

“I loathe your wrangling councils,  
I tread upon your creeds,  
For the dead Christ, not the living,  
Ye watch his empty grave,  
Whose life alone within you  
Has power to bless and save.”

The spirit of much that characterizes the “Higher Criticism” warfare of to-day would be to such clear seers—in the language of another—“mere rhetorical blind staggers at phantoms of thought,” that the progressive soul of man will sooner or later inevitably leave

as an outgrown shell, for "Not in the scroll's dead letter the eternal secret hides."

Whittier's absorbing belief as a Quaker, in the working of the divine spirit in the human, bringing it into harmony, beauty, and grace, as truly as sunlight and air the budding flower, gave him that spontaneity of expression that is "art and melody and religion" combined, quickening faith that looked farther than sight, making him the great interpreter of human aspirations in this age of doubt and questioning.

What if he did not have that fine "*intellectual sensitiveness*," that artistic finish, that characterized proud England's laureate? He may not have stood on the cold, storm-swept heights of Parnassus, but low down in the Beautiful Valley, he sung all those sweet songs that the inner ear hears, that strengthen the eye of faith, and crown life's duties with a sacred joy that no votive wreath could bestow, though Olympian gods decreed it.

To the High Priest of Form, however, we

leave all critical judgment as to the technical or "academic side"—as the schools call it—of Whittier's literary productions; servility to the classic standard, we all know, was not one of his literary characteristics, yet this—if the opinions of the master critics are our guides—does not debar him from a high place in the Temple of the Muses.

St. Beuve said: "The greatest poet was not he who had written the most perfect poem from the classic standpoint, but he who suggests the most." Stedman also says: "Extreme finish, adroitness, grace, do not always betoken the glow of imaginative conception or the ecstasy of high resolve; sometimes through these, the note of spontaneity is lost." Even the artistic Howells laments that "literary men of the day are becoming too literary;" in their excessive devotion to exterior form, they are "aiming at the head rather than at the heart."

Extreme perfection in letters, does not carry with it the influence that stimulates the most noble sentiments, awakening that which is

precious and best in common humanity; it may be the pure whiteness of the Alpine flower, but the pervasive sweetness of the lily or rose is wanting.

All will agree, however, that with his great religious sympathy and fervent faith, that good would somewhere, somehow, triumph over ill; the "thought touch of nature" was also in his brain, and the "Wood Thrush of Essex," as Holmes addressed him, sings for New England her clearest and sweetest home lays and wild wood carols. Hear him—

"Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall,  
Are God's great pictures hung.

"What Presence from the heavenly heights  
To those of earth stoop down;  
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods  
On Ida's snowy crown."

In his "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," Whittier lamented that there were no Yankee pastorals. He says: "Our rivers and streams

turn mills and float rafts, but no quaint ballad or simple song reminds us that men or women have loved, met, or parted on their banks, or that beneath each roof within their valleys the tragedy and comedy of life have been enacted. Our poetry seems more the product of overstrained intellects than the spontaneous outgushing of hearts warm with love, strongly sympathizing with human nature as it exists about us, with the joys and griefs of the men and women whom we daily meet." He also adds: "The opinion unhappily prevails that a *poet* must also be a *philosopher*, and hence it is that much of our poetry is as indefinable in its mysticism as an Indian Brahmin's commentary on his sacred books, or German metaphysics, subjected to homeopathic dilution." This is the key-note which he early sounded as to the poetic limitations existing in the beginning of our century, and to these existing needs he addressed himself as one born in due season, never claiming to be that evangel—for no one could be more modest than he—but



through him the want was met, and his delicious pastorals have made classic the mountains, valleys, streams, and shores of New England and New England life.

Whittier was called the "Burns of America," and he freely acknowledged his great admiration and indebtedness to the Scotch bard, who first inspired him to cultivate his own latent poetical talent, for

"The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made his own more holy."

His lyric inscribed to Burns, has that sweet flowing rhythm, that real smack of heather, that shows "the tender idyls of their hearts" were "sown in one common soil of song."

In the last stanza of the lyric, we learn how he appreciated Burns—"Nature's Child of Song," as he called him.

*poem*  
"Give lettered ~~poem~~ to tooth of Time,  
So 'Bonny Doon' but tarry ;  
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme  
But spare his 'Highland Mary.'"

In the same poem, the tribute he renders to

Burns's minstrelsy might appropriately be applied to his own—

“Not the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render,  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme  
And Milton's starry splendor.

But who his human heart hath laid  
To nature's bosom nearer,  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art how strong  
The human feeling gushes—  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes.”

Rev. Mr. Ames says: “Whittier had not the stately gravity and classic purity of Bryant, nor the mystic wisdom, and ivory and gold quality of Emerson, nor the elegant finish and rich melody of Longfellow, nor the brilliancy and subtlety of Lowell, nor the genial sparkle and flashing wit of Holmes; but more than all, he voiced the common life of the people—the human struggles and the higher aspirations of the soul.”

Can it not be equally well affirmed, that he was more *spiritual* in the active sense? That "*Inner Light*" inspiring his genius and his life with those lofty ideals which are his precious legacy to the world.

What our other poets possessed as their *intrinsic* characteristics, were all his in part, so proportioned, that in the rounded whole, being weighed in the balance, he will not be found painfully wanting.

As was said of Emerson: Whittier "was not a minstrel at the FEASTS of life, but a chanter of runes at life's shrine."

The old Persian expressed what to us seems to be the lamented poet's absorbing religious attitude — shared measurably, it is true, with others, but his pre-eminently: "Diversity of worship has divided the human race into seventy-two nations. From all their dogmas I have selected one—*Divine Love*."

As to the grounds on which Whittier's fame will finally rest, critics, of course, will disagree; a writer in the *Nation* sums up the matter thus

briefly: "Whittier was the Trytæus of the greatest moral agitation of the age, and the creator of the New England Legend; he was also the exponent of a pure and comprehensive religious feeling; this he shares with others, while the first two branches of laurel are unmistakably his own."

With all due reverence to our other great poets, is there not one other gift to the age, distinctly Whittier's—*trust in Infinite Goodness?*—that seems to be, after all, what his work stands for, with the silent, *inward assurance* of immortal life; these are the needs and helps of our time, and his errand was addressed to these ends; his spiritual sympathy and insight brought him so close to humanity that he knew its very heart-throb, and his own hunger to know God and the purpose and end of life, was the medium through which he helped others.

Mr. Whittier's *optimism*, so charmed Edwin Arnold when he visited him, that he said of him: "Born in the purple of the muses, fore-

doomed to song, the world was too beautiful and God too good for any belief that inculcates a doubt in the love and power of that Infinite Goodness."

"In the maddening maze of things  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings—  
I know that God is good."

This is the spirit, this the Gospel of Love, with which he has impressed the new era now dawning; an influence that will deepen and widen when Legend and Story have passed away and been forgotten.


The biographical or personal facts in Whittier's life are so well known to old and young, that the briefest summary will suffice.

Born in the beginning of our century—1807—on a New England farm, he, like many others who have been prominent in making our country's history, was a hard-working, bare-foot boy; and to the toil incident to an agricultural life on an Essex county farm, he added the trade of shoemaker, and later, that

of district school teacher; but the grinding manual labor, and the inhospitable climate, seemed unsuitable to the naturally delicate boy, who inherited a sensitive, nervous temperament from both father and mother, the result of which was chronic neuralgia, from which he suffered acutely the greater part of his life.

In writing to a friend he humorously says: "I wish the Pilgrim Fathers had drifted round Cape Horn and landed at Santa Barbara, instead of Plymouth, and I had in consequence been born in a land of flowers instead of ice."

It seems remarkable, that a youth with such an inheritance, placed in such surroundings, could survive the rigors of New England winters for eighty-five years: he said to one of our citizens, "that snow often drifted into his room, and frequently he awoke in the winter to find a drift of snow on the counterpane;" but worse than the snow and ice was the Indian on his stealthy rounds, his dark visage, like Mary Shelley's Frankenstein, appearing when



least expected at some open window; or in the quiet twilight hour, when gathered around the family heartstone, a shutter would noiselessly be raised, and a redface appear among them.

Yet Whittier called these "bronzed forms of the wilderness" *brother-man*, while their fate, in spite of their too often cruel designs, inspired him with many a lofty verse in their behalf.

Teaching, finally enabled Whittier to measurably fulfill his intense longing for a classical education; but an academic course of two terms was all that time or means allowed him.

At the age of twenty-three, he lost his father, and for five years the young poet and student carried on the farm-work, meanwhile delving into the best of every thing, as leisure afforded—for he was an omnivorous reader.

He finally identified himself with William Lloyd Garrison, in the anti-slavery cause, becoming secretary of the "American Anti-Slavery Society," editing a paper in Philadelphia, which was characterized by such vigorous

denunciation of the slave traffic, that his office was sacked and burned by an infuriated mob.

When Prentice went to Louisville as editor of the "Courier Journal," Whittier, at his recommendation, took the editorship of the paper he was leaving—"The Haverhill Gazette."

In 1835, Whittier was sent from Haverhill to the Massachusetts Legislature, retiring finally to Amesbury, where he spent one-half the year, the other half being spent at *Oak Knoll*, Danvers, near Salem.

Although ever a warm friend of Garrison, Whittier's Quaker notions of peace and non-resistance, did not agree with Garrison's aggressiveness and "*immediate emancipation*" policy; Whittier thought a milder and more rational way would solve the problem; "that fruitful ideas needed time to grow;" meantime his "Freedom Songs" were rousing the people from their lethargy, and sowing the seeds that would blossom in the years into the perfect flower of liberty.



At "Rockledge," Roxbury, the former home of Garrison, I was shown by Mrs. Garrison the original "Declaration of Sentiments" proclaimed by the Abolitionists at Philadelphia. Whittier's name was among the signers, he being among the last survivors of that historic movement. That his name thus stands for freedom and the slave, he thought a greater honor than his literary fame.

The first of Whittier's complete works was published thirty-five years ago. The first edition under his personal supervision, consisting of seven volumes, was published only three years ago—in 1889. His last work, "At Sundown," written for personal friends, has "many flowers in winter's tuft of grass," and is a pathetic memorial of the dear old poet's tender graces written in the lengthening shadows of his rare and beautiful life. The author revised it just before his death.

He has seven prose works, among which are "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches,"

"Literary Recreations," a volume on emancipation, etc.

Of his religious poems, "Eternal Goodness," "The Question," "My Psalm," "The Vision of Echard," "Chasing the Waterfall," and "Agassiz' Prayer," are among the most inspiring, for they

". . . move us to divine unrest,  
To seek the loveliest and the best."

What more cheering and beautiful than this, from "Chasing the Waterfall?"

"Our sweet illusions only die  
Fulfilling love's sure prophesy ;  
And every wish for better things  
An undreamed beauty nearer brings."

It is said of Whittier, that he did not know one tune from another—quite as deficient as Emerson, who claimed to know two, "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle," but which was "Old Hundred," and which "Yankee Doodle," that he could not tell. However, it is—

“Better to have a poet’s heart than brain,  
Feeling than song, but better  
Far than both,  
To be a song, a music of God’s own making.”

Whittier’s *celibacy* has caused much comment from the curious, since all his tastes were so essentially domestic, and his regard for woman the most delicate and chaste.

In his ballad, “In School Days,” some find a satisfactory *hint* of an early love—you all remember the little girl who spelled the word and went above Whittier—

“I’m sorry that I spelt that word,  
I hate to go above you,  
Because—the brown eyes lower fell,  
Because, you see—I love you.”

“Still memory to a gray haired man,  
That sweet child face is showing.  
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave,  
Have forty years been growing.”

Burns’ “Highland Mary” was dear to Whittier, because, perhaps, “within his bosom’s core” lived this one, who so long ago, loved him dearly.

Writing to a friend who had gone west,  
Whittier expressed these most pathetic words:

“The years that since we met have flown,  
Leave as they found me, still alone,  
No wife or child, no grand-child dear,  
Are mine the heart of age to cheer.  
More favored thou—with hair less gray  
Than mine, can'st let thy fancy stray  
To where thy little Constance sees  
The prairie rippling in the breeze.  
For one like her to lisp thy name  
Is better than the voice of fame.”

While visiting in New England during some of the pleasant summer months of the last year, I had the great privilege of an interview with our loved Whittier, at his charming home, *Oak Knoll*.

Leaving the street cars at Danvers, it is but a brief walk to the house, and not far from it is the noted “Witch’s House,” or the former home of Rebecca Nourse, the woman who was hung for alleged witchcraft on “Gallows Hill,” Salem, and to whom a monument has recently been erected just in the rear of her house.

Some sixty acres are inclosed in the poet’s

country-seat, and is the site of the home of the Rev. George Burroughs, who was also hung for witchcraft.

Arriving at the gate, the approach to the home of Whittier, is over a somewhat long, winding, gravelly road, shaded by those traditional oaks, that give it a druidical sanctity, which, interlacing with the long, waving branches of other venerable trees, stretch their shadows on to the doorway, like a benediction over the "*Via Sacra*," which the footsteps of the venerable poet have so often pressed.

A smooth, fine, velvety lawn, choice flowers and shrubbery, looking as though they had just "drank the sweetest showers" that nature yields, greeted the eye on every side, and finally through this bewildering maze of loveliness, a glimmer of white and yellow was seen, and the outlines of the poet's home appeared—the shrine our eager feet had sought was before us.

The place seemed to consist of many smiling acres of woodland and park in delightful re-

pair, quite like some fine ample English estate, with none of those discomfoting English *bar-ricades*, for here the gate, like the heart of the master, stood wide open in the most inviting manner.

The mansion was surprisingly attractive in its quiet beauty, with its long porches and fluted columns—we had thought to find a simple, gray cottage, of Quaker plainness, but without and within, it was as modern, bright, and artistic as Longfellow's, or any of the more imposing homes of our American poets.

Flowers, beautiful engravings, and statuettes adorned the rooms. A cane, the gift of Dom Pedro, stood in one corner, given to the poet when the ex-emperor was here, about fifteen years ago. It will be remembered he made a pilgrimage to Boston to see the great bard, and meeting him, "embraced and kissed him," although the poet humorously said the kiss "was meant for the hostess."

In visiting "Oak Knoll," we did not meet with the experience that our popular lecturer,

Mr. Green, had at Amesbury. There, the old servant greeted him at the door with, "You can come in; that is, if your feet are clean. It seems to me that any body who could care for Whittier, would care enough for himself to keep his feet clean."

When we were approaching the house, and about half way up the walk, a beautiful Scotch collie, with a green ribbon at its throat, walked quietly up to our side; we wondered if it were the same dog Whittier took into the meadows and read to it the "Twa Dogs Story."

"The good dog listened while I read  
And wagged his tail in keeping."

And he adds:

" . . . I half believe he understood  
The poet's allegory."

The dog—"Robin Adair" we found his name to be—seemed to welcome us in behalf of the master; keeping just a few paces in front of us with head down until we reached the porch, which he ascended in the same gal-

lant way, looking modestly back to see if we followed the way he led; then pushing the door ajar, he announced our coming by low barks; no one could have expressed a kindly welcome more emphatically; a dog that had been read to by Whittier, and wandered with him in the meadows and groves like Scott's "Camp" with his great master, *must be* better literally, for being Whittier's dog, so pervasive is the influence of a great sympathetic soul.

The maid soon came smilingly to the door and in answer to the question, "Is Mr. Whittier quite able to see his friends?" said, "Oh, yes; come right in and take a seat in his library; I have already spoken to him, and he will be glad to see you."

The hushed silence of *Whittier's library* was very sweet to us when we realized that the very presence of the venerable poet was still there, his shadow then on its door-way, his vacant chair by the table, again to be occupied by him whom a world of nations loves and honors.



The darkly-shadowed rooms we had so recently visited, consecrated by Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Garrison, how strangely different were they from this one, warm with the *living presence* of the venerable seer!

A large rose jar of flowering pease, "fresh, and sweet, and spicy," sat on his table, another in the hall, and one in the parlor—they must have been his favorites.

The poet speedily welcomed us, and with such genuine cordiality, that we felt we had not only long loved, but long known him.

We did not *talk of the weather*, but of the influence his writings were exerting over the American people, although he himself did not refer to any thing he had done—a subject he always avoided.

His eyes moistened when we spoke of the great comfort and hope his words had given us in hours of affliction, "how the lump had been leavened, and the load lifted," yes, even the

*veil lifted*, when over the open graves of our loved ones his cheering words were heard.

“That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight!”

And again,

“Still on the lips of all we question  
The finger of God's silence lies.  
Shall the lost hands in ours be folded?  
Will the shut eye-lids ever rise?  
Oh, friends, no proof beyond this yearning,  
This out-stretch of our souls we need.  
God will not mock the hope he giveth,  
No love he prompts shall vainly plead.  
Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,  
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;  
Some time their arms shall close around us,  
And the old voices speak once more.”

Bowing his head, he said, with feeling, “I am thankful if I have been able to help any one,” expressing at the same time that trust in Infinite Goodness that, as said before, so characterizes his works; “God is good,” was his frequent reiteration.



Speaking of a future life, he said: "The problem of Immortality has never disturbed me: I base my hope, and for me it seems *necessity*, on the *incompleteness* of my life here."

My friend Emerson said to me as we talked of these things, "If we live on—as I see no reason why we shall not — *well*, if not, then *well*, let us be thankful that we have had *this*, much of life."

And so he talked to us on those great themes so near and dear to his heart—life's great problems—

"What the hieroglyphics mean  
Of the unseen in the seen."

Asking him if his health was reasonably good, he responded with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I am not very strong. I took a notion to follow the fashion, and took the Grippe, and it served me as it did the Irishman—"I have been mortally sick six months after I got over it."

Mr. Whittier was a little hard of hearing, but we found no difficulty in conversing with

him; it seemed as though his "Birthday" prayer had been answered—

"And if the eye must fail of light,  
The ear forget to hear,  
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
More fine the inward ear."

The poet had a clear, penetrating, gray-blue eye, that could not have lost much of its youthful brightness and kindliness; he was quite erect, tall, and courtly even in his manners, tempered with such grace and sweetness that you felt at once in a noble presence, one, too, who would never grow old in love of God, freedom, or humanity. Indeed, he seemed like one *eight-five years young*. He did not appear as gray as his portraits represent him. His serenity, modesty, and wonderful spiritual beauty, made him one whom, to have been privileged to meet, is to feel a great reverence for the divine in man, and a renewed confidence in the Eternal Purpose, to bring *all* lives, ultimately, out of the low and groveling, to share in that grace of soul and intellect that

makes such lives, as our revered Whittier's, a benediction to the race.

Rising to go, Mr. Whittier led us to the rear door of the hall—threw it wide open, while his eye wandered from face to face, watching the effect of the matchless view—for he was much in love with the beauties of *Oak Knoll*. The soft, green sward, extending as far as the eye could reach, the long waving shadows of the majestic trees, in Nature's full-dress parade, was a picture never to be forgotten, especially under the spell of the noble poet's eye—that view through his open door! it had no doubt often inspired Whittier from the window of his library, and his kindly heart, poet-like, wished his guests to share the pleasure with him—"It is full of inspiration, Mr. Whittier," we at last said, and he bowed assent with a smile we shall never forget. Retracing our steps he followed us to the porch, shaking our hands most warmly, and, with his hearty "God bless thee," we parted, I can not say *forever*, from the most inspiring presence we had ever met.

But, alas! a few short weeks have passed, and America's dear old minstrel, the Bard of Bards, has passed on to the great Unknown!

Mr. Parker Pillsbury, one of his oldest, and among the last of his early friends and co-laborers in the cause of freedom, attended the memorial service at Amesbury. In a letter he writes: "There were thousands there from many states, and from many cities and towns, all with one devout heart, spirit, and purpose; the floral tributes were immense in beauty, variety, and fragrance, and every leaf, fern, and flower a heart-throb from the multitude who sent them or assembled to do honor and homage to their loved one.

"Oh, it was good to be there. The mourning cortège seemed to me to reach around the world!

"But let me not profane the scenes by attempted description; who could report the songs of cherubim and seraphim, with which they greeted amongst them the mightiest minstrel of our quarter of the globe?"

Others, who were so fortunate as to be present at the last sad leave-taking of our revered poet, have given interesting details of the memorable scenes that took place at Amesbury, in the gloaming of that cloudless September day.

Among the host of loving friends that had come to do him honor, were the Hutchinsons of musical fame, whose name wakens many fond echoes of the past; for the "Songs of Freedom" rendered by their matchless voices helped to break the bondsmen's chains in those transition days when a nation waited

"Beneath the furnace blast  
The pangs of transformation."

Many eloquent words were spoken in love of the departed poet. Dr. Allen Thomas, of Baltimore, took for his text on the occasion, "I have fought a good fight;" he said, "Those who knew the poet, knew how much more lovely than his words was the man himself;" and this was emphatically true; his very pres-

